

PRANZINI'S GRAND DAME CORRESPONDENT.

Paris Letter to the London Truth.

The Pranzini affair showed what dreadful adventures may arise from dining at public tables in the best hotels and from sailing about in P. and O. steamers. The conquests of that Levantine are still the talk of Paris and all the pleasure resorts, and I dare say there will be a Pranzini puzzle in the Boulevards Fair at Christmas, having for its object the discovery of the *grande dame* who carried on a correspondence with him. I do not mean the Flora MacFlimsy, from Madison-square, who goes to Trinity Church, New-York, on Sundays, or the English lady who met him as she was coming home from India, where her husband is high in the civil service. They both are cast into the shade by reports due to the leakiness of law officers engaged in this affair and to hints thrown out by Pranzini's counsel. The mysterious lady is, we know, rich beyond the dreams of avarice. She has more than £1,000,000, belongs to a new family, and married for a grand title. When she found how vain was what she bargained for, she went in search of compensation, and fell on Pranzini at Les Miriltons. He was not introduced to her, but that did not matter. The fellow divined in her a millionaire; but if he was Levantine, she was Oriental and kept her head cool. Do what he could, he was unable to get her address; One day he stuck in the street to her. She got into a carriage which she called, let him step in also, drove to the Northern Railway, whither, she said, she had sent luggage on before her to be booked on the tickets of her maid and valet, took a ticket herself for Brussels, and got before her lover into a first class carriage—from which he was shut out for want of funds. When she reached Creil she alighted, and returned thence to Paris in time to go to a ball in the evening. Pranzini, when she turned up again, suspected how she had escaped him, and insisted on "full confidence." She blew cold; he affected indifference, and against the day on which he had to flee from the pursuers she had made up her mind to reveal her incognita. It was thus the Judge d'Instruction was able to send her a summons. As her secret is sure to transpire, the best course for her would be to make a clean breast publicly, if need be, and take new departure.